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These Winds That Carry Me Away

Patricia Gangas

upon learning of my cancer diagnosis

For three days the full moon,
a white rose, sleeps in the black petal sky
and the birch sheds its overcoat of leaves...
a lonesome inscription for day's end.
The garden gate creeks above swirling sprays
of twigs and dying daffodils
but, there are these winds that carry me away.

Clouds rise, heavy with dark delirium,
the northern stars stone-still hang overhead.
The tracks of my years run non-stop
as I shiver, in the evening's gloom,
while leaves murmur, hinting of another world.
What distant journey pushes me towards darkness?
Will my winter come this year?

God, could You not find some use for me
for I am Your silent splendor-
swept with Your voice that sears
like gypsy songs above the shadowy streets.
Even in these raw autumn days
I wish to look in human eyes forever,
but, that may not be just what You wish.

If not, then raise me up with You,
You, who first kindled love within my heart,
then send the angels to put out the sun,
and I, turning from this nameless dark, will go,
resisting not these winds that carry me away